

## The Historie of

And comes not in, ouer-rulde by Prophecies,  
I feare the power of *Percy* is too weake,  
To wage an instant tryall with the King.

*Sir M.* Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,  
There is *Douglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*,

*Arch.* No, *Mortimer* is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *L. Harry Percy*,  
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*, and a head  
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is, but yet the King hath drawne  
The speciall head of all the land together.  
The *Prince of Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,  
The noble *Westmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;  
And many mo *Coriuales*, and deare men  
Of estimation, and command in armes.

*Sir M.* Doubt not my Lord, he shalbe well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no lesse; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,  
And to preuent the worst, *Sir Michell*, speed:  
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not ere the King  
Dismiss his power, he meanes to visit vs,  
For he hath heard of our confederacie;  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:

Therefore make haste, I must goe write againe  
To other friends, and so farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere,  
Above yon buskie hill, the day lookes pale  
At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The Southerne winde  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,  
And by hollow whistling in the leaues,  
Foretels a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,  
For nothing can seeme foule to those that winne.

*The Trumpet sounds. Enter Worcester.*

*King.* How now my Lord of *Worcester*? 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meet vpon such tearmes,

## Henry the Fourth.

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our trust,  
And made vs doffe our easie Robes of Peace,  
To crush our old vneasielims in vngentle Steele:

This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.

What say you to it? will you againe vnknit  
This churlish knot of all abhorred warre?

And moue in that obedient orbe againe,  
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,

And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,

A prodigie of feare, and a portent  
Of broched mischief to the vnborn times?

*Wor.* Heare mee, my Liege:

For mine owne part, I could be well content  
To entertaine the lag-end of my life  
With quiet houres: For I protest,  
I haue not fought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You haue not fought it: how comes it then?

*Falst.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prince.* Peace, Chewet peace.

*Wor.* It pleade your Maiesty to turne your lookes

Off fauour, from my selfe, and all our House;

And yet I must remember you my Lord:

We were the first and dearest of your friends,

For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,

In *Richards* time, and posted day and night,

To meete you on the way, and kisse your hand,

When yet you were in place, and in account

Nothing so strong and fortunate as I;

It was my selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,

That brought you home, and boldly did out-date

The danger of the time. You swore to vs,

And you did sweare that Oath at *Dancaster*,

That you did nothing of purpose gainst the state,

Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,

The seate of *Gant*, Dukedome of *Lancaster*,

To this, we sweare our ayde: but in short space

It rained downe Fortune showing on your head,

And such a flood of Greatnesse fell on you.